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From the Evening Mirror.

O Lovers, when rare Lips say No.

I woo'd her in the linden's shade,
And Bess was shy and half afraid;
And when I asked—what? Lovers know!
Her heart said yes, her lips said no.
O lovers, when rare lips say no,
Let not your hope grow less, grow less;
For oft 'tis so that simply no
Is meant for yes, is meant for yes!

Half hidden 'neath a silken tress,
Her eyes were full of tenderness;
And still she listened, till—ah Bess!
Her heart, her soul, her lips said yes!
O lovers, when rare lips say no,
Let not your hope grow less, grow less;
For oft tis so that simply no
Is meant for yes, is meant for yes.

T. B. ALDRICH.

From the American Nemo.

Which is the Man?

I see its pins, and chains and rings,
Its eyeglass and its trumpery things;
I see its whiskers—they are fine
Ornaments in the hairy line;
I see its coat, I see its hat,
I see its boots and its cravat.
If such a thing you chance to meet
Sauntering up the well swept street,
The tailor praise who made such suits,
And praise the artist of such boots.
I do not see his shabby dress,
I see HIM in his manliness;
I see his ax, I see his spade,
I see a man whom God hath made.
If such a man before you stand,
Give him your heart, give him your hand,
And praise your Maker for such men—
They make this old earth young again.

WILLIE MAITLAND.

HUMOROUS SKETCH.

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

SETH WOODSUM'S WIFE.

Mr. Seth Woodsum was mowing one morning in his lower haying field and his eldest son, Obediah, a smart boy of thirteen, was opening the mown grass to the sun. Mr. Woodsum looked up towards his house, and beheld his little daughter Harriet, ten years of age, running towards him with her utmost speed. As she came up, he perceived she was greatly agitated; tears were running down her cheeks, and she had scarcely breath enough to speak.

"Oh, father," she faintly articulated, 'mother is dreadful sick; she's on the bed, and says she shall die before you get there."

Mr. Woodsum was a man of sober, sound mind, and calm nerves; but he had, what sometimes happens in this cold and loveless world of ours, a tender attachment for his wife, which made the message of the little girl fall upon his heart like a dagger. He dropped his scythe, and ran with great haste to the house. Obediah, who was at the other end of the field, seeing this unusual movement of his father, dropped his fork and ran with all his might, and the two entered the house almost at the same time

Mr. Woodsum hastened to the bed side, and took his wife's hand. 'My dear Sally,' said he, 'what is the matter?' echoed Mrs. Woodsum, with a plaintive groan. "I shouldn't think you would need to ask what is the matter, Mr. Woodsum. Don't you see I am dying?"

"Why, no, Sally, you don't look as if you was dying. What is the matter? How do you feel?"

"O, I shan't live till night," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a heavy sigh; "I am going fast."

Mr. Woodsum, without waiting to make further inquiries, told Obediah to run and jump upon the horse, and ride over after Doctor Fairfield, and get him to come over as quick as he can come. "Tell him I am afraid your mother is dying. If the Doctor's horse is away in the pasture, ask him to take our horse and come right over, while you go and catch his."

"Obediah, with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his mouth, flew as though he had wings added to his feet, and in three minutes' time was mounted upon Old Grey, and galloping with full speed towards Doctor Fairfield.

"My dear," said Mr. Woodsum, leaning his head upon the pillow, "how do you feel? what makes you think you are dying?" And he tenderly kissed her forehead as he spoke, and pressed her hand to his bosom.

"Oh, Samuel," for she generally called him by his Christain name, when under the influence of tender emotion: "Oh, Samuel, I feel dreadfully, I have pains darting through my head, and most all over me; and my heart beats as though it would come through my side. And besides, I feel as though I was dying. I'm sure I can't live till night; and what will become of my poor children?" And she sobbed heavily and burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Woodsum was affected. He could not bring himself to believe that his wife was in such immediate danger of dissolution as she apprehended. He thought she had no appearance of a dying person; but still her earnest and positive declaration, that she should not live through the day, sent a thrill through his veins, and a sinking to his heart that no language has power to describe. Mr. Woodsum was as ignorant of medicine as a child; he therefore did not attempt to do anything to relieve his wife, except to soothe her feelings by kind and encouraging words, till the doctor arrived. The half hour that elapsed, from the time Obediah left till the doctor came, seemed to Mr. Woodsum almost an age. He repeatedly went from the bedside to the door to look and see if the doctor was anywhere near, and as often returned to hear his wife groan, and say she was sinking fast, and could not stand it many minutes longer.

At length Doctor Fairfield rode up to the door, on Mr. Woodsum's Old Grey, and with saddle bags in hand hastened into the house. A brief examination of the patient convinced him that it was a case of hypocondria, and he soon spoke encouraging words to her, and told her although she was considerably unwell, he did not doubt she would be better in a little while.

"Oh, Doctor, how can you say so?" said Mrs. Woodsum; "dont you see I am dying? I can't possibly live till night; I am sinking very fast, Doctor, and I shall never see the sun rise again. My heart sometimes almost stops beating now, and my feet and hands are growing cold. But I must see my poor children once more; do let them come in and bid me farewell." Here she was so overwhelmed with sobs and tears as to prevent her saying more.

The Doctor having administered the drugs in such case made and provided, is followed out by Mr. Woodsum, all anxiety to learn the real danger of the case. He is assured that it is only a attack of hypochrondia, and the good lady herself ere long recovers.

Again and gain, however, is our friend Seth summoned from the plow and the doctor from his pie, to administer consolation and relief in her dying hour, and again and again does she recover. We give below the story of

DEATH'S LAST ASSAULT.

At last, the sober saddening days of autumn came on, Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of his "fall work" which had been several times interrupted by these periodical turns of despondency in his wife. One morning he went to his field early, for he had a heavy day's work to do, and had engaged one of his neighbors to come with two yoke of oxen and a plow to help him "break up" an old mowing field. His neighbor could only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plow the whole field. He accordingly had left the children and nurse in the house, with strict charge to take good care of their mother. Mr. Woodsum was driving the team and his neighbor was holding the plow, and things went on to their mind till about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was "dreadful sick," and wanted him to come in as quick as he could, for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Woodsum, without saying a word, drove his team to the end of the furrow; but he looked thoughtful and perplexed. Although he felt persuaded that her danger was imaginary, as it had always proved to be before, still the idea of the bare possibility that this sickness might be unto death, pressed upon him with such power, that he laid down his goad stick, and telling his neighbor to let the cattle breathe awhile, walked deliberately towards the house. Before he had accomplished the whole distance, however, his own imagination had added such wings to his speed, that he found himself moving at a quick run. He entered the house and found his wife as he had so often found her before, in her own estimation, almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already taken her leave of her dear children, and waited only to exchange a few parting words with her beloved husband. Woodsum approached the bedside, and took her hand tenderly, as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms of approaching dissolution, different from what he had witnessed on a dozen former occasions.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, faintly, "the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my deathbed, and have but a short time longer to stay with you. But I hope we shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven. I would go cheerfully, dear, if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now, don't you think, my dear," she continued, with increasing tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind, good woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you."

She paused and looked earnestly in his face.

"Well, I've sometimes thought of late, it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn air.

"Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs Woodsum, with a slight contraction of the muscles of the face.

"Why, yes, said Mr. Woodsum, "I have sometimes thought about it, since you've had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadfully to think of it, but I don't know but it might be my duty."

"Well, I *do* think it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "If you can only get the right sort of a person. Everything depends upon that, my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about who you get, very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person, I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world."

"But have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum, with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "there is one that I have thought for some time past, that I should probably marry, if it should be the will of providence to take you from us."

"And pray, my dear, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression more of earth than of heaven, returning to her eye. "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You haven't named it to her, have you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum; "but my dear, we had better drop the subject; it agitates you too much."

"But Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is; I never can die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject too painful to think about," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to me it would be best to call names."

"But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness and was leaning on her elbow, while her searching glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face. "Mr. Woodsum, I insist upon it."

"Well, then," said he, with a sigh, "if you insist upon it, my dear.—I have thought that if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us, to be here no more, I have thought I should marry for my second wife, Hannah Lovejoy."

An earthly fire once more flashed from Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed like a cat; walked across the room; and seated herself in a chair.

"What!" she exclaimed, in a trembling voice almost choked with agitation—"what! marry that idle, sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum, that is too much for flesh and blood to bear—I can't endure that, nor I won't—Hannah Lovejoy to be the mother of my children! No, that's what she never shall. So you may go to your plowing, Mr. Woodsum, and set your heart at rest, Susan," she continued, "make up more fire under that dinner pot."

Mr. Woodsum went to the field, and pursued his work, and when he returned at noon, he found dinner well prepared, and his wife ready to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never afterwards visited by the terrible affection of hypochrondia.—*Way Down East by Jack Downing.*

Phosphorus.

It is now just two hundred years since phosphorus was first obtained by Brand, of Hamburg. So wonderful was the discovery, that Kraft, an eminent philosopher of the day, gave Brand three hundred dollars for the secret of its preparation. Kraft then travelled and visited nearly all the courts of Europe, exhibiting phosphorus to kings and nobles. In appearance phosphorus resembles beeswax; but it is more transparent, approaching to the color of amber. Its name, which is derived from the Greek, signifies "light bearer," and is indicative of its most distinguishing quality, being self luminous. Phosphorus, when exposed to the air, shines like a star, giving out a beautiful lambent greenish light. Phosphorus dissolves in warm sweet oil. If this phosphorised oil be rubbed over the face in the dark, the features assume a ghastly appearance, and the experamentalist looks like a veritable living Will-o'-the-wisp. The origin of phosphorus is the most remarkable concerning it. Every other substance with which we are acquainted can be traced either to the earth or air; but phosphorus seems to be of animal origin. Of all the animals man contains the most; and of the various parts of the body, the brain yields by analysis more phosphorus than any other. This fact is of no little moment. Every thought has perhaps a phosphoric source. It is certain that the most intellectual beings contain the most phosphorus. It generally happens that when a singular discovery is made, many years elapse before any application is made to the welfare and happiness of man. This remark applies to phosphorus. It is only the other day that It was sold at five shillings an ounce; now it is so cheap that the penniless portion of our population hawk it about in the form of matches. But what a noble, life, light and fire giving office does it fill! For commercial purposes—match making—phosphorus is extracted from burnt bones. The demand for it is now so great that many tons are annually prepared. When Kraft travelled, he had not more than half an ounce "to set before the king."

The Cost of War.

The New York *Courier* says the British Government and people are begining to feel, by means of augmented taxes, that war is an expensive occupation, and the opening of the fire of the Allies suggested a calculation as to the cost of the iron balls which have been throw into Sevastopol by the 500 cannon which have vomited them in what Gortschakoff called "an infernal fire." The account by the Asia represent that each of these guns fired one hundred and twenty rounds a day, which gives a total for the five hundred, of sixty thousand rounds. This fire had been continued for thirteen days, making an aggregate of seven hundred and eighty thousand missiles rained upon the city. The weight of the shot fired from the guns of the Allies varies probably from nineteen to one hundred and ten pounds—and forty-five pounds would probably be a low estimate for an average.—This would give a daily delivery of iron to the Russians amounting to two millions seven hundred thousand pounds, and a total for the thirteen days of *thirty-five millions one hundred thousand pounds*, the prime cost which, in the rough, at the average price of pig iron in England for the last year, was not less than three hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty dollars. This is, of course, without any regard to the enormous cost of transportation to the Crimea. If the cannon balls fired from the Allied lines, during the thirteen days, were rolled into rail bars, weighing sixty pounds to the yard, the bars would extend three hundred and thirty-two miles. The charge of powder for each gun would probably average about six pounds, which would show an expenditure for the thirteen days of four millions six hundred and eighty thousand pounds of powder. Such powder is worth here eighteen cents a pound, but in England, would not, probably, cost more than fifteen cents, at which price the powder cost seven hundred and two thousand dollars.

SLAVEHOLDERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—In 1850 according to the census, there were 346,525 slaveholders in this country. Of these 98,820 have but one slave each—100,683 from 1 to 5 each—90,769 from 5 to 10 each—54,565 from 10 to 20 each—29,738 from 20 to 50 each—6,196 from 50 to 100 each—1,479 from 100 to 200 each—187 from 200 to 300 each—56 from 300 to 500 each—9 from 500 to 1000 each, and 2 over 1000.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.—The memories of childhood, the long, far away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayer, the ancient church and schoolhouse in all the green and hallowed associations, come upon the dark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time like passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it.

Discovery of a New People on the Western Continent.

A discovery which even in this age of almost daily revelations of antiquities and wonders of remote times and people, must strike the world with wonder, has just been made by the officers of the sloop of war Decatur.—It will be recollected that the Decatur sailed from Rio in company with the Massachusetts (propeller)—that they parted company, and that for some weeks the loss of the Decatur was looked upon as certain. She was afterwards discovered by her consort, part way through the Straits of Magellan, and was towed into the Pacific by the Massachusetts. The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 1st inst publishes a letter received from O. H. Green, dated on board the Decatur, "off the straits of Magellan, Feb. 15," and which contains some sentiments so startling that we make the following extracts. From the apparent respectability of the source, we see no reason for doubting the narrative, remarkable as it is. The writer says:—

There being no appearance of a change of weather, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, and accompanied by my classmate and chum, Dr. Bainbridge, Assistant Surgeon, was landed on Terra del Fuego. With great labor and difficulty we scrambled up the mountain sides, which line the whole south east shores of these Straits, and after ascending 3500 feet, we came upon a plain of surpassing richness and beauty; fertile fields—the greatest variety of fruit trees in full bearing, and signs of civilization and refinement meeting us on every side. We had never read any account of these people, and thinking this island was wholly deserted, except by a few cannibals and wild beasts, we had come well armed, and you can judge of our surprise. The inhabitants were utterly astonished at our appearance, but exhibiting no signs of fear, nor any unfriendliness. Our dress amused them, and being the first white men ever seen by them, they imagined that we had come from their God, the Sun, on some peculiar errand of good. They are the noblest race I ever saw, the men all ranging from 6 feet to 6¾, well proportioned, very athletic, and straight as an arrow. The women were among the most perfect models of beauty ever formed, averaging 5 feet high, very plump, with small feet and hands, and with a jet black eye which takes you by storm. We surrendered at discretion, and remained two weeks with this strange people.

Their teachers of religion speak the Latin language, and have traditions from successive hundred centuries.

They tell us that this island was once attached to the main land; that about 1900 years ago, by their records their country was visited by an earthquake, which occasioned the rent now known as the Straits of Magellan; that on the top of the mountain which lifted its head to the sun, whose base rested where the waters now flow, stood their great temple—which, according to their description as compared to the one now existing we saw, must have been 17,200 feet square, and over 1100 feet high, built of the purest pantile marble.

The ship is in sight that will carry this to you, and I must now close: only saying that the official report of Dr. Bainbridge to the Department, will be filled with the most interesting and valuable matter, and astonish the American people. The vessel proves to be the clipper ship Creeper, from the Chinchi Islands, with guano, for your port, and I will avail myself of this opportunity to send you a specimen of painting on porcelain, said to be over 3000 years old; and an image, made of gold and iron, taken in one of their wars many years before the Straits of Magellan existed.

They number about three thousand men, women and children, and I was assured the population has not varied two hundred, as they prove by their traditions, for immemorial ages. As the aged grow feeble they are left to die, and if the children multiply too rapidly they are sacrificed by their priests. This order comprises about one tenth of the population, and what the ancient Greeks called "Gymnophists." They are all of one peculiar race, neither will they admit a stranger into their order. They live, for the most part, near the beautiful stream called Tanucan, which takes its rise in the mountains, passes through the magnificent valley of Lauvu, and empties into the Atlantic at the extreme south western point.

This residence is chosen for the sake of their frequent purification. Their diet consists of milk, curdled with sour herbs. They eat apples, rice, and all fruits and vegetables, esteeming it the height of impiety to taste anything that has life. They live in little huts or cottages, each one by himself, avoiding company and discourse, employing all their time in contemplation, and their religious duties. They esteem this life but a necessary dispensation of Nature, which they voluntarily endure as a penance, evidently thirsting after the dissolution of their bodies; and firmly believing that the soul at death, is released from prison, and launches forth into perfect liberty and happiness. Therefore they are always cheerfully disposed to die, bewailing those who are alive, and celebrating the funerals of the dead with joyful solemnities and triumph.—*North American.*

A BRIGHT BOY.—A pedagogue in this neighborhood related to me a laughing story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell *hostility*. "H-o-r-s-e, horse," commenced Pat. "Not *horse*-tility," said the teacher, "but *hos*-tility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day not to say *hoss*? Be jabbers! its *wan* thing wid ye one day and another the next."

Knickerbocker.

From the Sunday Mecury.

Why John Stole the Bonnet.

John McDonnell, a young man, with an open prepossessing countenance, was brought up for stealing a lady's bonnet from a millinery store in Second street. It is not common event, in the course of human affairs, for a young man to steal a bonnet—indeed, the case was singular enough to excite general curiosity; the mayor himself seemed anxious to know why John's pickers should have fallen on a bonnet rather than a hat, or the head piece. [illegible] to reward her long and faithful service.

"Why did you steal a bonnet, John McDonnell?"

"An, your honor, it's a werry delicate subject, and I'd rather say nothing about it if it's all the same to you and the other gentleman."

"Have you a wife?"

"Divil a one."

"A mother or sister.

"Not a taste, please your honor."

"Then what use did you intend to make of the bonnet?"

"*Must* I tell you worship? Why, then, it was taking Nelly Callahan over Schuylkill last Sunday that led to the whole calamity.—The ould scratch instigated me to kiss her among the blackberry bushes, and she fit against the civility till her straw bonnet was used up like a crunched egg shell."

"There, says she you've ruined me."

"How's that?" says I.

"Why," says she "you've kissed the head off of me and spiled my best bonnet besides, and if thats not ruination I'd like to know what is."

"Never mind," says I, "there's not much harm done yet; and I'll pay all the damages."

Says she, "if you don't get me another bonnet, you willain, I'll sue you for high trayson, and so, your honor, I was obliged to do it."

"To do what?"

"Get her another bonnet. There was no shying off; the bonnet had to come by hook or crook, and so I hooked it. If I must go the voyage, let me speak a word of advice to the young men which is now present, standin' in solemn silence around this inclosher. Take warnin' by my melancholy fate, and kiss the gals moderate; don't smash their bonnets. And now, gents, I am ready to suffer. I hope the gent who is taking down the perceedings will sartify that I bore it with manly fortitude. It's a crushing affair, and I have a sneaking notion that my heart is smashed worser than Nelly Callahan's bonnet."

The milliner lady from whom the bonnet was stolen was deeply affected, and considering that the theft was committed under the influence of "almighty love," she declined to prosecute, and at her earnest request the erring lover was set at liberty.

Jones Tells His Experience.

When I was a boy, my father, who was a good man, sent me to school, and gave me what he called a liberal education. It cost him four dollars and seventy-five cents. I went to school during the winter. In the summer I remained at home; I plowed, sowed, I raked, I mowed. I was a farmer's boy. Well, I grew older. I taught school. I studied law. Law didn't agree with me—thought to become a minister of the Gospel, but my conscience wouldn't allow me. I went into a grocery store as a clerk. It was a country grocery store, and its stock was made up of sugars, lace, candies, crockeries, tea, tinware, whiskey, whips, molasses and an infinite number of articles, which, according to the advertisement, were too numerous to mention. I advanced; I bought out my employer; I grew rich every day, and finally with a cash capital of five thousand dollars, I came to New York, and went into an extensive business. I prospered; I married; and at length I "burst."

I felt bad. I had a wife—yes, I had a wife. She ran away with my bookkeeper.—I felt bad.

Well, one morning I found myself a widower, and in debt, and I could not pay my debts, so I shifted the responsibility, and ran away with—myself. I didn't feel quite so bad. I had five hundred dollars. I bought a suit of clothes and a bunch of cigars. I went to Boston. I thought Boston a nice—a very nice place; the people were nice; the stores were nice; but somehow or other, everything and everybody were too nice for me. Men looked sharp at me over their pointed collars, the women didn't look at me at all. My star was on the wane. I felt bad.

I went to my hotel. I counted my money—I had two hundred dollars. I meditated. I felt bad. Resolved to go to New York; packed my trunk and went to New York.—Creditors arrested me; compelled me to swear how much I was worth; swore I wasn't worth a cent. I was set at liberty.—Felt better. Counted my money; one hundred dollars. Felt worse.

AN editor who was elected to the Indiana Legislature, was so elated with his success that he caught himself by the seat of his trowsers and tried to hold himself out at arms length. It is added in a postscript that he would have accomplished the feat if he had not let go to spit on his hands.

A very steady old farmer was betting against a roulette table. Upon expressing a very natural surprise at this sight, the old gentlemen assured us, upon his honor he didn't want a cent of their money. "Why are you playing then?" "Because they've got about *fifty dollars of mine.*"

Jack Rink and the Yankee.

Few communities are more strongly imbued with a passion for horse-racing, than the good people of Natchez. In New York, folks talk "soger" and "engine;" in Paris they talk "opera;" in Natchez they talk "horse." They believe in quadrupeds, and nothing else. To own the fastest horse in Natchez, is to enjoy the fee simple of an honor in comparison with which, a member of Congress sinks into nothingness.

In October last, the "fall meeting" took place, and led to more than the usual quantity of excitement and brandy cocktails. The last race of the last day, was a sort of "free fight," open to every horse that had never won a race; purse, $500, entrance, $25.

Among those who proposed to go in, was a Yankee pedlar, with a sorrel colt, of rather promising proportions. He thus addressed one of the judges:—

"I say, Captain, I should like to go in for that puss!"

"With what?"

"That sorrel colt."

"Is he speedy?"

"I calculate he is, or I would not wish to risk a load of tin-ware on the result."

"Do you know the terms?"

"I like a hoss; here's the dimes."

fee $25; and there's the dimes."

Here Yankee drew out a last century wallet, and socked up two X.'s and a V. Among those who witnessed the operation, was Jack Rink, of the Bellevue House. Jack saw his customer, and immediately measured him for an entertainment. After the usual fuss and palaver, the horses were brought up—the Yankee gathered up his reins and adjusted his stirrups. While doing this, Mr. Rink went to the rear of "the sorrel colt," and placed a chestnut burr under his tail. The next moment, the order to "go," was given, and away went nine horses of all possible ages and conditions. The Yankee's was ahead, and kept there. "Tin-Ware" was evidently pleased with the way things were working, and smiled a smile that seemed to say, "that puss will be mine, in less time than it would take a greased nigger to slide down a soaped liberty pole."

Poor fellow! he hadn't reckoned on that chestnut burr. The "irritant" that Jack Rink had administered, not only increased the animals velocity, but his ugliness. He not only ran like a deer, but he refused "to do" anything else. As the Yankee approached the Judges stand, he undertook to pull up, but it was no go. He might as well have undertaken to stop a thunder-bolt with a yard of fog.

The Yankee reached the stand—the Yankee passed the stand—the Yankee went down the road. When last seen, the Yankee was passing through the "adjoining" county at a speed that made the people look at him as "that comet," that was to make its appearance in the fall of 1854." Where the sorrel gin out, it is impossible to say. All we know, is, that the Yankee has never been heard of from that day to this, while his wagon load of tin ware still makes one of the leading attractions in the Museum of Natchez.

HINTS TO YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN.—After the baby is two months old, your interest in it should subside, as you cannot expect to be consistent for a longer time than that—besides it is entirely unfashionable to tie yourself to your duties as a mother, just for the sake of your first and only child.

You can, after three months has elapsed, transfer your affections and cares in your first child, to the German or Irish domestic. They, of course from the very nature of the case, will have a greater interest in it than its mother ought to have, and be a fashionable member of society.

As soon as it advances into the regions of chicken pox, mumps, measles, scarlet fever, teething and all the dangers to which unweaned children are subject to, insist upon a nurse—declare that you are extremely susceptible to contagion of all sorts—put the child out for its health, and you will realize peace and quiet by day, and innocent and refreshing sleep at night, at no other expense than avoidance of your duty as a mother before Heaven, who has given you your conscience as a woman.—*Buffalo Republic.*

SIZE OF LONDON.—London extends over an area of 78,029 acres, or 122 square miles and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was some 2,362,233 on the day of the last census. A conception of this vast mass of people may be formed by the fact that, if the metropolis were surrounded by a wall, having four gates, and each of the four gates were of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out four abreast, and a peremptory necessity required the immediate evacuation of the city, it could not be accomplished under four and twenty hours, by the expiration of which time the head of each of the four columns would have advanced a no less distance than seventy-five miles from their respective gates, all the people being in close file four deep.

PROVING CHARACTER.—'Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?'

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character!"

"Didn't know he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years."

"Did he ever come into collision with you in any matter?"

"Only once, and that was when he was drunk and mistook me for a lamp post."

"From what you know of him would you believe him under oath?

"That depends upon circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was doing, I would. If not I wouldn't.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION.—In the Romish inquisition in Spain alone, as its own record shows, in the last 300 years, 17,000 persons have been burnt in effigy, 34,332 burnt alive, and 291,450 imprisoned, scourged, tortured, etc; average number of its victims thus being seen to be over a thousand per year, or more than three every day.

"Mother," said a boy, is there any harm in breaking egg-shells?" "Certainly not, my dear, but why do you ask?" "Cause I dropped the basket of eggs just now, and stepped on the shells."